

I'm so sorry for being so stupid. I definitely should never have talked with Molly D. The language and optics look real dumb at best but I promise my innocence. Especially out of context it looks terrible. It was the height of Covid with no end in sight and I was alone through most of it. I was just happy to have the internet to talk to people with common interests. The way that I noticed her was when she would like a bunch of my picture at once. I wasn't trolling Instagram randomly but I definitely shouldn't have chatted with her when I found out how young she was. Seeing someone younger representing r crumb and GG Allin gave me hope for the next generations and made me curious. Curiosity killed the cartoonist. There was no way I'd have a 17 yr old stay at my place. Maybe not 18 even. I was forward projecting to some unknown future where Covid lockdowns were finished and we could see people again. And it wasn't even with sex in mind but simply saying that there's a bed here to crash like the kindness that was given to me a bunch of times when I was starting out. "Zine fair in town? Come crash". Ask Liana Finck or anyone else who's come to visit. It doesn't mean sex. When I asked if she could keep a secret it was because I was sharing some red room pages before announcing the book and was just trying to sound cool. Tone is missing. When I said "naughty girl" it was sarcastic after she told me some simple crime or infraction she committed. The whole pile of my dms she collected to show is just awful to look at. I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to offer professional favors to anybody or use my "position" (what a joke) to get into anyone's pants. We're all in the art game so why not introduce new friends to old friends? When I was bringing up any professional stuff to anybody it was just common ground conversation.

Then seeing these dms even further out of context on other news outlets and media sites. Matt P at the Pgh city paper, you know what you did to skew your narrative. Fuck you. But they surely gave themselves their own plausible deniability by asking me for comments right as I'm trying not to jump off a bridge or something.

Molly Wright is a conundrum to me and her actions border criminal. He said/ she said never looks good but none of what she said happened and I can't believe she'd be so malicious and pile on like this. Now that I'm officially checked out I think my family has a civil lawsuit and she should be held accountable. She pushed this over the edge into "multiple women" territory. It's so corny. I absolutely never asked for a blowjob in trade for anything ever. She successfully made me look stupid and everybody accepted her word as fact. Citizens of the internet are playing such dangerous games with people's lives. I never had anyone lined up for an open relationship with her. I never was interested in a relationship with her. We had sex twice and she initiated both times. The first time was a surprise. When we were done watching a movie or just hanging out (I don't exactly remember the circumstances 4 years ago) she jumped on me and started kissing me, telling me how comfy I made her feel. We quit hanging out during Covid lockdown but kept in touch here and there and I thought things ended naturally. Thankfully her post including the piece about me dissing Jim Rugg, super emotional "fuck Ed Piskor" type language, and the Red Room sales stuff portray she's a petty woman scorned. Punitive and false. My house was burning and she threw gasoline on it. There needs to be recourse for my loved ones. I'm dead. I don't have a reason to lie. Hold Molly Wright accountable, please. Reputation destruction is her form of aggression and there were very real consequences. My lawyer is Harris Miller. Is it possible to subpoena all texts and dms I had with her?

Big titty Taff? Yeah, I would draw you naked all day and never apologize for wanting to. I like drawing tits and tattoos when I'm not drawing comics.

I'm a solitary guy and I've put every ounce of my time and life into my work for around the past 20 years. I never felt satisfied with my skill so I constantly worked really hard and tied it all to my identity and self worth. Every waking moment was spent working and ideally I thought it would be best to have all friends who share the same passion. It's why I offered to introduce them to my friends. It's like my cherished Japan trips introducing Koenji Shawn to Bryan Moss and Moss to Skeme and Skeme to Danika. I was the only person who knew everybody on the trip and by the end of it, we were all friends.

Social media was how I met people. My greatest relationship began at the end of Covid thanks to meeting on Instagram. A rocky but amazing 3 year relationship with someone who taught me true love. That said, I'm so glad we broke things off when we did so that she doesn't get any slack. She's way better off. Hope you're well, Clam. I never stopped loving you. This all happened before I knew you.

Now it's all gone. Art show evaporated. Was about to sign a \$75k deal for Switchblade Shorties with Abrams, Cartoonist Kayfabe ends with Jimmy's "shocking revelations" statement (those words hurt). I have no friends in this life any longer. I'm a disappointment to everybody who liked me. I'm a pariah. News organizations at my door and hassling my elderly parents. It's too much. Putting our addresses on tv and the internet. How could I ever go back to my small town where everyone knows me?

Some good people reached out and tried to help me through this whole thing but I'm just not strong enough. The instinctual part of my brain knows that I'm no longer part of the tribe. I'm exiled and banished. I'm giving into my instincts and fighting them at the same time. Self preservation has lost out. From the sound in everybody's voice I think we all knew this was the conclusion. Jim Rugg came to my house unsolicited and gave me a hug and told me he loves me. If you know Jimmy, you know how huge that is!

I'm sorry to my family for making such a mess (no pun intended) and for creating this hassle. I wasn't trying to be a creep. I'm also sorry to everyone who got this note and the baggage that may or may not come with it depending on how well we knew each other.

I knew I wasn't going to be able to survive this. Comics is beyond a profession to me. It's everything. That might sound sad and pathetic to some, but this culture and medium gave me the greatest joy in life.

No public statements would do. Nobody against me would be convinced. Maybe this drastic move will convince a few? Maybe it will get a couple more people to consider not joining online lynch mobs over gossip? Doubt it will have much of a blip. I'm not doing this out of guilt though, once again, it was super dumb chatting with Molly D. My intentions were never nefarious with

her or anybody. Im doing it out of intense shame. We're not built to have hundreds (maybe a few thousand?) people judging and/or harassing us at once. A private and solitary mind can't take it.

There were so many out there waiting in the wings for something like this to emerge. Daryl Ayo Braithwait called it a kill shot. You all got your wish. You were waiting for something to blow out of proportion and it got served to you on a silver platter. Ramon Villalobos, Cam Del Rosario, JB Roe, Molly Wright, congratulations. You got your pound of flesh. Evan Dorkin, I hope skeletons from your closet get revealed someday. Alex DeCampi, may you continue to have zero success no matter how hard you continuously leverage other people's business from your bully pulpit.

The very next morning after Molly D posted the screencaps I put my last will in testament together. Freewill.com. Great service in a pinch. These are the papers I was trying to hide from you, Jimmy, when you came by with soup. I actually found a nice lady and witnesses who notarized it and made it official on a Sunday morning. How's that for efficiency? It's sitting on my brown desk in the corner.

Mom, Dad, Bob, JP, and Bri, I'm sorry. Mom, dad, get this will of mine straight and move into a nice home that doesn't have many stairs. Leave whatever you don't use the rest of your lives to my siblings. Daddy hit me up this morning and wanted me to come home but it's just too far gone. It was great hearing your voice today also, mama.

The shame will never go away. Please make good use of what I've built up and take comfort for the rest of your years. This will give my life and this tragedy of events some positive meaning.

These are the files for Switchblade Shorties. Please download it and maybe a book deal can be made for my heirs. Bob Mecoy was my agent and we were supposed to sign a \$75k contract with Abrams. Maybe in death, after I explain myself, it will be something they won't balk at. Then again, the culture is sick enough that maybe a bidding war among publishers will push the price up even higher. Bob, can you try to get my folks a sweet deal? My family can use the money. Please download these files asap while my Google drive exists but they are also on the portable hard drive in my backpack that I had with me during my final act. Don't let the cops keep it forever. I brought my data with me so that it would be easy to find.
(Redacted)

There's a black hardcover sketchbook full of autobiographical comics on my brown desk, standing up, in the hutch next to drawing tablets, that I intended to see print when I passed away. I didn't put anything in my will where that's concerned but hopefully it can find a publisher and get released. It was what we were gonna do with Fantagraphics under the title "Mudfish". I didn't sign any paperwork on that with Fanta so Bob, maybe you can help my parents there too?

I realize that I didn't make any notes in the will about my authored books and intellectual properties. Jim Rugg, can you maybe help make sure my people don't get jacked by the publishers? I haven't gotten my HHFT omnibus royalties so my family should be getting a good check soon. Can someone make sure to hold Fantagraphics accountable with my royalties and

perhaps an audit of their accounting books is in order also, to see if I got all that was coming to me. Eric Reynolds gave me no benefits of doubt and I don't know if fanta'd be tricky about my stuff in death. His suspicions of me make me suspicious of them. That's the thing that sucks about going through this. You don't know who your friends are.

Jimmy, can you also post our unlisted videos and make our private streams to Patreon live to the public. That's the perception I wanna leave. A dude having fun talking comics with his brother. Please keep cartoonist Kayfabe up and monetized and share half the loot with my family each year. Maybe schedule the vids each day as we did for years until our roster is complete. Don't dissolve the llc but split the take with my heirs.

Oh yeah, and I was avoiding the internet as much as possible, mostly relying on some friends who relayed me info here and there. I was not making/using burner sock puppet accounts to try to defend or attack. Hopefully those accounts will still tweet a bit so that you guys believe that, at least. Maybe someone can dig up ip addresses to confirm.

What a week. I wouldn't wish this shit on my worst enemy. Leave it to me to get into trouble without ever leaving the house. I don't have email addresses for any of my family. Please get this message to them. My phone is fully charged and it's on so I'm sure it can be pinged and tracked by first responders. I have a battery pack case so the phone should be on for a few hours at the very least. My phone number: 412-915-4501, license plate: JFA8859
Im wearing a black hoodie. Maybe a black peacoat, black dickies, terrex continental boots.

Hey mom and dad. Liz's rent is \$675 and she just paid up through April. Let her move her man in with her if they take that step. Keep the house. It's not too shabby and will bring in a trickle of income each month.

Anastasia James, please hook my parents up with that artwork from the show. I didn't watch the news reports but I guess you can get their address right off the video. These represent some of my best pieces for hip hop family tree and if I salvaged my name at all they will be worth good loot on the market. Don't sell the cover to volume 1 for anything less than \$25,000

Once again, I'm guilty of being stupid. No doubt. But, that's all. I never thought in a million years that I'd take this step but I also never in a million years thought that something so Orwellian would ever happen to me. Ya never know in this life.

I was murdered by Internet bullies. Massive amounts of them. Some of you out there absolutely contributed to my death as you were entertaining yourself with gossip. I wasn't AI. I was a real human being. You chipped little bits of my self esteem away all week until I was vaporized. Maybe I'll be able to haunt you dorks as a ghost. I come from Gypsy heritage and I'm definitely cursing a lot of you.

This is the calmest I've felt all week. It's over for me. I'm sorry for the hurt it'll cause my family and closest buds. I hope it makes people think twice when joining an internet feeding frenzy. There you have it. Control freak 'til the last. Peace out.

Ps. There's \$852 in my wallet,
cash, in case the Jake's get sticky fingers and steal my shit

Eddie P
1982-2024